

## Sunday



**The Corn Aches**  
You apply a little Blue-jay plaster. The ache ends instantly, and it never will return.

You can prove that in one minute. A million women prove it every month. A corn will never pain again after Blue-jay once goes on it.

## Monday



**No Corn Pain**

On Monday you won't know you have a corn. It is gently disappearing. You know that corn is done for. You know it won't come back. You may also know that soreness will not follow. For Blue-jay is as gentle as efficient.

## Tuesday

**The Corn is Gone**

In 48 hours Blue-jay ends 91 corns in 100. The other 9 per cent are tough corns which need another application.

Such has been the history of 70 million corns, since Blue-jay was invented. And any user will assure you that such results are certain.

Prove that fact tonight.  
BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York  
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.  
15c and 25c at Druggists

**Blue-jay**  
Ends Corns

# DEAF?

**There Is No Standard of Sound!**

Therefore the only way that you who are hard of hearing can possibly know whether a hearing device will make you hear clearly, is to try it in your own home under all conditions. And if the maker of it thoroughly believes in its ability to do this, he will let you make that trial without a penny of cost or even a deposit. That's one reason we are eager to have you try the



**"1916" ACOUSTICON**  
No Deposit **FREE** No Expense

Another reason is that this "1916" Acousticon is not only protected beyond competition by U. S. Patents, but has so many improvements and refinements, all making for greater efficiency, that many of our old customers who have tried it say that its effectiveness far exceeds even that of their old instrument which made them hear so well.

**WARNING!** There is no good reason why anyone should not make as liberal a trial offer as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it.

Our fearless offer sometimes puts us a little behind in production. So we suggest that you send for your free trial today, while you think of it—just say "I am hard of hearing, and will try the '1916' Acousticon, if the trial costs me nothing."

Address  
**GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1243 Candler Building, N. Y.**  
Toronto, Ont., Office, Royal Bank Bldg.



**WHEEL CHAIRS AND TRICYCLES**

A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of invalid's rolling chairs and tricycles with latest improvements. Ship direct from factory to you and sell on **THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL**. Liberal discounts to all sending for FREE Catalog now.  
**GORDON MFG. CO.**  
364 Madison Ave. Toledo, O.

of the platform. He was followed by Henry Treadway.

Mr. Treadway had obviously prepared a speech and committed it to memory. It was his first appearance as a public speaker, and he trembled visibly as he began to talk. He uttered several sentences and broke down. Finally, after one last despairing effort, he turned and fled from the platform.

"Mr. Moderator!"

"Mr. Mudge!"

There was absolute silence as Ezra Mudge turned and faced his townsmen. "Will you come on the platform?" invited Joel Tibb, as a matter of official fairness.

Ezra Mudge first shook his head; then, suddenly changing his mind, he made his way up the steps at the side of the stage. As he went, a place was made for him. There were only two men in the town hall who could have got through the crowd as easily as did Ezra Mudge—and the other man was Starr.

"WELL, my friends," began Ezra, without displaying the slightest recognition of the hostility that glared at him from every side, "you've come to have a good time, and you're having it. It wouldn't be any use for me to tell you that you'll be paying for it later. You're on a regular picnic, and you don't care anything about tax bills—"

Honk! came a blast from an automobile horn concealed somewhere in the rear seats.

Ezra seemed not to hear it.

"So there's a pessimist in Boxtown, is there?" he went on shrilly. "There's one man that's been holding back the town—"

Honk! said the horn, its voice dying off with the comical effort of a sick goose.

"Shame! Stop it!" echoed a few voices.

"No! Honk him again!" advised others.

At the same time, a number of youths in the gallery, not being provided with horns, were imitating the sound with their throats, in dismal unison. Joel Tibb was pounding frantically for order. Only a few eyes detected a burly figure creeping along through the crowd around the front of the platform.

There came a startled shout from Ezra Mudge, and his body could be seen to stiffen. A powerful voice was roaring, "Nobody wants to hear ye; get down out of that!"—and simultaneously with the voice Ezra's right leg began to move, in spite of stubborn resistance, toward the edge of the platform. Only a few of the crowd could see what was going on, but the word ran like fire in parched grass:

"Clint Weatherbee's got him by the leg!"

It was just what Starr had feared. The irrepressible, overgrown booby of a hotel proprietor had broken loose and was working for the cause! He had crept along the front seats with a cane in his hand, and seized the old man's ankle with its curved handle; and, perfectly helpless and outraged, Ezra Mudge was being slowly drawn toward the abyss.

"Leggo my leg, you fool!" hissed the old man.

"You better git down!" came the reply.

The crowd was in an uproar. Everybody was talking at once. In the name of law and order, two constables started from the rear of the hall to the rescue. At the same moment, Starr and Treadway, in honest indignation at the clownish act, rushed on the stage from the wings.

It was too late. The old man leaned backwards to save himself, and at the same time Clint Weatherbee gave a vicious tug at the cane. The sudden cessation of resistance threw Clint off his balance, and he went to the floor with a

thud. Nothing but that accident could have saved Ezra from injury. As it was, he shot from the platform directly upon the prostrate form of his assailant.

The old man never uttered a sound. He came to his feet like a cat, and started for the door; and a moment afterward, followed by Dr. Crumb, he was out of the hall.

The appropriation was voted without a protest. The boosters were in absolute control; the boost was on.

**YOUNG** Eadbrook left the hall about one o'clock and went to the hotel for dinner. As he came out of the hotel he saw Louise Searles walking swiftly toward him. He saw her serious face; he felt that she was seeking him, and he stood irresolutely, waiting, fighting an impulse to run.

She wasted no words. With trembling lips, and with tears trickling down her cheeks, she said:

"I wrote you a letter, and then I tore it up. I just had to come down and tell you what I felt. I never dreamed that you could be guilty of such a thing. How could you stoop so low? An old man—why, you might have killed him! How could you do it, Walter? And you said you—cared for me!"

"For heaven's sake, listen, Lou—" began Eadbrook, reaching out his hand.

"No; don't speak to me!" she commanded, with a little stamp of her foot on the pavement. Then she turned and hurried away.

Eadbrook made no attempt to detain her. He went back into the hotel, fell limply into a chair, and pressed his hands against his throbbing head.

Then he heard Joel Tibb's exuberant voice: "Well, Walter, everything's gone our way now!"

To be continued next week

## Men Who Enjoy House-Cleaning



**COMMISSIONER J. T. FEATHERSTONE** is the boss of New York's White Wings, who sweep an area equal to a sixty-foot road from New York to Kansas City on an average of four times a day. Next to the loose paper fiend, Mr. Featherstone hates the poet who wrote "Beautiful Snow." He has to hire twenty or thirty thousand men to clean up New York after every snowfall.



Photograph from J. K. Schmidt.

**BEFORE** Louis Kuertz cleaned Cincinnati's back yard, it was a mosquito swamp, the product of which, Jersey size, could bite like a bee, and kept the policeman from visiting the cook Tuesday evenings. The swamp is a series of lakelets now, and there is a beautiful grotto in the hillside. That is why Mr. Kuertz is on this page.



Photograph from B. H. Smith.

**HOUSE-CLEANING** is an unnecessary evil, according to Irving J. Gill of Los Angeles. He is a radical architect, who builds houses without baseboards, picture-moldings, or door and window jambs, and uses cement floors polished to look like leather. In his houses there is no need of a semi-annual clean-up, since the daily dusting cleans.



Photograph from Oscar Doob.

**THIS** is a picture of Captain M. W. McIntyre of Cincinnati, scrubbing a floor in the tallest skyscraper west of New York. He does not have to work like this, for he is manager of the building; but every now and then he likes to show other people how it should be done. Captain McIntyre invented the scrubwoman's chariot, on which scrubbers can ride high and dry while they scrub.